

THE NEED FOR A SPECIAL ENVOY  
TO ADVOCATE FOR RELIGIOUS  
MINORITIES IN THE MIDDLE  
EAST AND SOUTH CENTRAL ASIA

### HON. FRANK R. WOLF

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 15, 2013*

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, today I am joining with my colleague Rep. ANNA G. ESHOO in re-introducing legislation to create a special envoy position at the State Department to advocate on behalf of vulnerable religious minorities in the Middle East and South Central Asia.

In countries like Iraq and Egypt, ancient Christian communities are being driven from the lands they have inhabited for centuries. In Iran, Baha'is are imprisoned and some cases executed simply because of their faith. In Pakistan, Ahmadi graves are desecrated. In Afghanistan, a country where America has sacrificed greatly in both blood and treasure, the most basic right to freedom of religion or belief is not recognized in the constitution. This is but a snap shot of the grave challenges facing these communities.

If the international community fails to speak out, the prospects for religious pluralism and tolerance in the region are bleak.

Last Congress the House, to its credit, overwhelmingly passed, by a vote of 402–20, bipartisan legislation, H.R. 440, to create a special envoy position at the State Department charged with focusing on the plight of religious minorities in these regions. Sadly, in the face of State Department opposition, the Senate failed to act.

There is a historic precedent for special envoys—including the Sudan special envoy and the North Korea human rights special envoy—whose positions were created in response to an urgent need for focused attention on a critical issue. The dire challenges facing Coptic Christians, Baha'is, Chaldo-Assyrians, Ahmadis, the small remaining Jewish population and countless other religions minorities throughout the Middle East and South Central Asia is surely such an issue.

While there is no guarantee that a special envoy will be able to single-handedly solve the problem, it certainly cannot hurt to have a high-level person within the State Department bureaucracy who is exclusively focused on the protection and preservation of these ancient communities. Such an envoy would send an important message to both our own foreign policy establishment and to suffering communities in the Middle East and elsewhere that religious freedom is a priority—that America will be a voice for the voiceless.

President Reagan once said that the U.S. Constitution is “a covenant that we have made not only with ourselves, but with all of mankind.” I believe the United States has an obligation to speak out for the voiceless around the world and urge my colleagues to join me cosponsoring this critical legislation.

IN RECOGNITION OF GERALD  
WALSH, PRESIDENT OF THE  
DUTCH KILLS CIVIC ASSOCIA-  
TION

### HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 15, 2013*

Mrs. CAROLYN B. MALONEY of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay tribute to Gerald “Jerry” Walsh, outgoing President of the Dutch Kills Civic Association. Mr. Walsh has been involved with the organization since 1986, and has served with distinction as its President for ten years.

Mr. Walsh has lived in Astoria and Long Island City for his entire life. A proud graduate of Long Island City High School, he has always been passionate about serving and improving his community. In 1975, Jerry married his wife, Diane Hopkins, and is the proud father of two daughters, Dawn and Crystal, and has recently become a grandfather. Mr. Walsh has worked for the City of New York—Financial Information Services for 35 years in the Department of Computer Operations. He is currently the shift manager of Computer Operations Hardware.

His passion for the betterment of his community has been a lifetime commitment. He volunteered with the Dutch Kills Civic Association for the first time in 1986, and became a board member in 1989. He became its Vice President in 1993, and President in 2003. He has been the Deputy Chief of the Community Emergency Response Team (CERT) since January 2006, has served as the President of the Parents Association for Long Island City High School, and is a former member of the 114th Civilian Observation Patrol (Civ-OP). On November 29, 2012, the Central Astoria Local Development Coalition presented Mr. Walsh with the “Community Leadership Award” in recognition of his outstanding service.

The Dutch Kills Civic Association was created in 1979 to promote a greater awareness of the community among elected officials and government agencies. Dutch Kills is a neighborhood bounded by 34th Avenue on the north, on the south by Bridge Plaza North, on the east by Northern Boulevard, and on the west by 21st Street. The Association's goal is to assist all segments of the community and to support cooperation between business and residents.

Under Mr. Walsh's leadership, the Dutch Kills Civic Association has flourished. Mr. Walsh strongly believes in the power of community involvement and civic engagement. As the neighborhood has become increasingly residential, the number of retail establishments has grown and the area has become a mecca for tourists with many new hotels. The Dutch Kills Civic Association has made extraordinary contributions to improve the quality of life in the neighborhood. These efforts include supporting a massive rezoning project, making crime reports, improving sanitation, keeping a watchful eye on nightclubs, and successfully fighting the closure of Fire Engine Company #261. Additionally, Dutch Kills has sponsored children's shows at the Dutch Kills Playground and street fairs on 36th Avenue, and been involved with the organization of the New York City Marathon.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in recognizing the extraordinary contributions that Mr. Walsh has made to the communities of Astoria and Long Island City. Mr. Walsh has truly brought about positive changes in the community he loves. His lifetime of service and dedication to civic life has greatly benefited his neighbors and the city of New York.

RECOGNIZING VILLAGE ADMINIS-  
TRATOR ED VANVICKLE AND  
MAYOR ERIC SANDINE OF  
LITHOPOLIS, OHIO

### HON. STEVE STIVERS

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 15, 2013*

Mr. STIVERS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Village Administrator Ed VanVickle and Mayor Eric Sandine of Lithopolis, Ohio, for their heroic efforts to fix a water main break that left half of the village without water.

In most cities, a water main break would mean hiring someone else to fix it, but in Lithopolis, Mayor Sandine has made unconventional, but necessary, cuts to save money. Now he and Mr. VanVickle roll up their sleeves and do the dirty work themselves, even though it is not part of their job descriptions. With no more than household plumbing experience, these men were able to fix the water main break in freezing temperatures.

On top of fixing the water lines, these men, along with the village's maintenance crew, fix sewer lines and pot holes. They even go as far as operating snow plows and the water treatment plant.

These two men represent what it means to be a true leader. They do not do this extra work for money or recognition. Instead, they do what is best for their community because it is what they believe is the right thing to do.

I would again like commend Ed VanVickle and Eric Sandine for their heroic efforts and their incredible leadership in the Village of Lithopolis.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF DR. CARL  
EVERETT DRAKE, SR.

### HON. JOHN CAMPBELL

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 15, 2013*

Mr. CAMPBELL. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to Dr. Carl Everett Drake, Sr. who died peacefully of natural causes at his home in Sacramento on December 27, 2012. He was 99.

Carl Drake was born on August 21, 1913 in Neptune New Jersey, the second son of James and Lucy Bingham Drake. Carl was educated in the public schools where he was an outstanding student, and even better multisport athlete. His state high school long jump mark of 21'10" stood for over 25 years. His talents brought him to the attention of coaches from Morgan State College in Baltimore, MD the top ranked college football program available to African American players in the 1930s. His combination of size, speed and ferocity won him a starting spot on the championship football team. At 6'1" and 205 lbs., huge at the time, he was a bruising, standout guard, playing both offense and defense. The

team went undefeated for his entire career. He was team captain, had the honor of wearing jersey number one, and held the team ball in the national championship photos.

At Morgan he was active in several student organizations, including the Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity, which he joined in 1933. He began dating an attractive and studious coed who worked as the Dean's secretary, even joining the glee club to demonstrate to her his "softer" side. Carl and Beatrice Hayes were married in September 1937. They settled in Baltimore, she began work as a social worker, and he, having left school after football a few credits short of graduation, took a job in the post office. Professional football was not available, but his training made him valuable at handling mail sacks. Two children Carl Jr. (1939) and Beatrice (1940) followed, along with a chronic back injury that led to a job shift that relied more on his college schooling than his strength. Ruled out of active military service due to his back injury, he re-enrolled in school to complete his college degree, and in 1944, at the urging of Bea, applied to medical school. He could not attend the segregated University of Maryland, but under the "separate but equal" concept of Jim Crow laws, the state of Maryland instead paid his tuition to attend Meharry Medical College, in Nashville Tennessee, one of the two medical schools in the county to educate more than the occasional person of color.

He moved to Nashville to begin study, working an 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. graveyard shift as a hospital orderly to save enough money to send for his wife and family, which he was able to do by 1946. He finished Meharry in 1949, and moved to New York City to begin internship at Harlem Hospital. He had wanted to return to Baltimore, but the city hospital there paid interns \$15 per month with free room. Harlem paid \$50 per month, enough to rent a one bedroom apartment for the family. After internship, and a new baby (Michael 1950), The family moved across the George Washington Bridge to Englewood, New Jersey. Carl began his life as a working physician with a grueling schedule that consisted of steady employment in the ER at Harlem hospital, graveyard shift, 11 p.m. to 7 a.m., followed by a junior partnership in a local New York physician's office from 9 to noon, then home to Jersey to sleep, dinner at 6, and then a few private patients seen in a room converted to a makeshift medical office in the house until 9, before returning to work for the 11 p.m. shift in Harlem. When asked later about this level of commitment he replied that he was mainly "grateful for a chance to actually work".

This schedule was of course unsustainable, and a fascination with the newly emerging field of psychiatry led him to, at 40, begin training in psychiatry at Graystone State Hospital. During residency he continued his home office practice after dinner to help support a family that had grown to four children with the addition of Barry in 1952. In 1957, after completing residency he looked nationally, and made the bold decision to move to Sacramento to join a newly burgeoning state mental health system. Prior to this no one in the family had ever been west of Tennessee. Arriving in Sacramento in July 1958, he worked for the state during the day, and as had always been the case set up a small private practice in rented space in the evenings. Fi-

nancial obligations included supporting a son in college and stiff mortgage payment on a modern house in an upscale, and for the first time integrated, neighborhood.

In Sacramento Carl and Bea joined a small circle of middle class African Americans, who had also moved west to make a new life. A handful of doctors, lawyers, a defense contractor, and a funeral home owner formed a social group anchored by the "Couples Club", which met on Saturdays once a month for a rotating house party. There were also civic activities like the Lions Club, competitive chess, and the NAACP, as well as the local chapter of Alpha Phi Alpha, Inc. The names of these pioneers: Colley, Jones, Morris, Morrissey, Nance, Rutland, Stewart, Trent, West, and a few others, are now a part of Sacramento history. In 1967 a reduction in state supported mental health services affected clinics, including the Sacramento branch where Carl was Chief of Psychiatry. The new Medicare and Medicaid programs made private practice more viable for physicians caring for low income patients. He converted to full time private practice, and the late 1960s and 1970s became a time of relative prosperity. A pool was added to the backyard, and Carl learned, for the first time, to swim. He remained health conscious, and he and Bea were in the pool everyday from May to October until they were both in their 90s.

With the children finally grown and on their own Carl and Bea travelled—Alaska, Mexico, Hawaii and Scandinavia were highlights—entertained friends, and watched their ever expanding cadre of grandchildren and great grandchildren grow. Bea retired in 1975, but Carl kept his active practice going, seeing patients five days a week until he was 90. Bea suffered from mild macular degeneration and progressive Alzheimer's disease, ultimately requiring full time supervision. Carl closed his practice—regretfully—to come home to care for her. He moved from many patients to just one. They continued to play backgammon as long as she could, exercised in the pool, and when that was no longer safe took walks around the courtyard, until Bea passed away in March 2008. They had been married for just over 70 years.

In the months following Bea's death Carl, now 94, began a series of home refurbishing projects including a new roof and painting inside and out. His oldest grandson John, a professional house painter, came north to help, and ultimately moved in to help manage the house and yard. In August 2008 Carl renewed his medical license and his driver's license as he put it "just in case". He became active in his fraternity once again. He did a few legal consultations in 2009, and then with John to type reports on the new computer, began seeing patients again, on a regular basis, working for the State of California as he had when he moved to Sacramento in 1958, this time doing disability evaluations. He pulled the office shingle bearing the name "Carl E. Drake, Sr. MD" from the garage (the same shingle used at the house in New Jersey 60 years ago) and mounted it near the back door. The kitchen table became his consultation office. He scheduled a light but steady stream of patients, three or four a week. He saw his last patient on December 12, 2012, before taking a break for the holidays. New visits were on the books for January 2013.

On December 26th all four of his children, along with five grandchildren and two daugh-

ters-in-law visited without fanfare for a traditional post-Christmas gathering. He was in great spirits, holding court, albeit with less energy than usual. On the 27th after a light dinner he walked into the living room to sit in his favorite easy chair and watch a few bowl games. He dosed off, never to wake again.

Dr. Carl Drake left this life as he lived it, with great dignity and grace. He came through the depression, was an All-American athlete, educated himself, raised a family, and was an active working psychiatrist until the very last days of a life that spanned the 20th century and more. He was calm, open, and cheerful, always. His physical stature was imposing, but his gentle steadfastness and serenity were the traits that made him a joy to be with. He never raised his voice; he never needed to. He was universally admired, respected, and loved. He is survived by four children, 11 grandchildren, 17 great grandchildren, 16 great-great grandchildren, and thousands of patients. He lived to see his 100th Christmas; he leaves the world a better place.

#### PERSONAL EXPLANATION

#### HON. LUCILE ROYBAL-ALLARD

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 15, 2013*

Ms. ROYBAL-ALLARD. Mr. Speaker, I was absent due to the passing of my mother and was not present for rollcall votes on Thursday, January 3, 2013 and Friday, January 4, 2013. Had I been present, I would have voted in this manner: rollcall Vote No. 2—Election of the Speaker—Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi; rollcall Vote No. 3—On motion to table the motion to refer, H. Res. 5, "Adopting rules for the One Hundred Thirteenth Congress"—no; rollcall Vote No. 4—On ordering the previous question, H. Res. 5, "Adopting rules for the One Hundred Thirteenth Congress"—no; rollcall Vote No. 5—On motion to commit with instructions, H. Res. 5, "Adopting rules for the One Hundred Thirteenth Congress."—yes; rollcall Vote No. 6—On agreeing to the resolution, H. Res. 5, "Adopting rules for the One Hundred Thirteenth Congress."—no; and rollcall Vote No. 7—To suspend the rules and pass H.R. 41, "To temporarily increase the borrowing authority of the Federal Emergency Management Agency for carrying out the National Flood Insurance Program."—yes.

#### RECOGNIZING JEFFERSON THORNTON

#### HON. WILLIAM L. OWENS

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 15, 2013*

Mr. OWENS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize one of my constituents, Jefferson Thornton of Ogdensburg, NY, for his heroic actions on the morning of November 12, 2012.

A retired fire captain on leave from Afghanistan for the holidays, he was sick and unable to sleep at 3 a.m. that morning. Going outside, he noticed the home of Brandy Middlemiss collecting smoke. Moving quickly into action, he successfully alerted Brandy and her two children, Patrick and Lynzee, guiding them safely away from the fire.